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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S TOMB AFFAIR

~~NAPOLEON'S TOMB AFFAIR~~

Prod. #8431

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
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The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

"Napoleon's Tomb Affair"

Prod. #8431

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS SKYLINE - (STOCK) - DAY

1

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

2

TO ESTABLISH. CAMERA MOVES IN ON a plaque affixed to the wall beside the entrance. In discreet lettering:

HOTEL MARAT

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

3

Elegant. CAMERA PANS the lobby to the main desk, behind which stands the MANAGER, speaking into a telephone.

MANAGER (into phone)

Oui...oui...Thank you.

He hangs up, steps out from behind the desk to a uniformed hostess, (CANDYCE) who is carrying a floral bouquet. It is a very large bouquet, and it completely covers Candyce's face.

MANAGER (in a mild
fluster)

President Tunick will be here in a few moments...Now, remember, Candyce, to curtsy low...and always Monsieur le President...Now, I will give him the large bouquet --

(indicates an even larger bouquet on the desk)

-- and you will give your flowers to Monsieur Malanez. Is that clear?

mut

CANDYCE (curtseying low,
her face still unseen)
Oui, Monsieur.

3
CONT'D
(2)

MANAGER

Good.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - (PROCESS) - DAY

4

The car is moving through the Paris streets. In the well-appointed rear seat are NASASOS TUNICK, President of a newly-emerged North African state (lately granted independence by France); MALANEZ, his chief advisor, and EDGAR, Malanez's porcine, sloe-eyed aide. Tunick is a jack-in-the-box of a man in his early middle years, of limitless physical action and facial gesture, of quixotic moods. We shall grow to like him very much. We shall not like Malanez, in part because he is evil.

TUNICK (exuberant)

La Belle France! Ah, you do not know, Malanez, how I have looked forward to this visit! All the memories -- the beautiful, beautiful memories.....

MALANEZ

I wish I could share your sentiments -- But my memories of Paris are quite different. I hate our former masters.

TUNICK

Weren't you pleased by the reception at the airport? Brass band - guard of honor - two Cabinet members. To tell the truth I was a little surprised.

MALANEZ

Ah. But those French are clever. You can be sure that you will continue to be formally received in a manner befitting a man of your rank and.....

(a slight sardonic edge, again
undetected by Tunick)

...dignity. But what they really think -- that is something else again.

By now the car stops and they start getting out.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

5

The trio climb out of the limousine, the door opened by a bellhop. We note the bellhop is ILLYA. Tunick and Malanez move toward the hotel entrance, Edgar bringing up the rear, Illya carrying their bags.

INT. HOTEL - AT ENTRANCE - DAY

6

The hotel staff genuflects as one as President Tunick and his small entourage sweep through the doors. The Manager and the flower-bearing Candyce meet them midway in the lobby. The Manager's face, like Candyce's, is blocked by flowers.

MANAGER (fawningly)

Ah, Monsieur le President, the management is deeply honored to have you with us. We are at your complete service. Your every wish is our command.

He thrusts the bouquet at Tunick, who takes it, sniffs at it gingerly, and hands it to Illya. Illya accepts it rather uncomfortably. Tunick then reaches into an inside pocket, pulls out a sheaf of papers.

TUNICK

Thank you. As I already remarked in my speech at the airport --
(begins to read in a loud, loud voice; it's an oration)
Great and noble people of France!...

As Tunick continues to deliver his greetings to the people of France, or at least those of them in the hotel lobby, Candyce curtsies low, hands her bouquet to Malanez, thereby revealing her face for the first time. Malanez does not see it -- because the bouquet now blocks his view.

TUNICK (cont'd)

...It is a truly thrilling experience for me to return to the country where I spent some of my happiest years....

During the above we spot Illya behind a potted palm or what-have-you. He takes out his communicator.

FWD

ILLYA (into communicator)
Channel D, please.....Napoleon, he's
here. Why don't you come on down?

6
CONT'D
(2)

TUNICK (continuing his
oration)
.....Once, when my native land was still
a French possession, I was a corporal
in the 34th Regiment of the line,
stationed right here in Paris.
(slyly)

Perhaps you are aware of another
Corporal who was destined to rise and
lead his people to the greatness that
should have been their birthright....

Now, Malanez nods in signal to a well-dressed, middle-aged
BANKER TYPE, sitting on a sofa. The man rises, starts to
approach.

BANKER TYPE (to the
Manager)
Who is this bombastic oaf?

MANAGER (distracted
from the proceedings)
What? Oh. It's a visiting president,
sir.

BANKER TYPE
Then it's time to re-examine our
tourist policies.
He advances toward Tunick waving a rolled-up newspaper.

TUNICK (still orating
from the prepared text)
...After your Corporal, I have patterned
my life. And --

BANKER TYPE (cutting in)
Agh!
(as Tunick breaks off in
bewilderment)
If you wish to make a fool of your-
self, sir, that is your privilege...

TUNICK
Eh? Who are you?

BANKER TYPE

...But to shatter the eardrums of everyone present with your vulgar bellowing -- !

6
CONT'D
(3)

TUNICK (realizing he's being insulted, he begins to turn purple)

Vulgar bellowing! Monsieur, I warn you -- I am a man of quick temper!

BANKER TYPE

You are a man of unlimited boorishness!

TUNICK (really steaming now)

And you, sir, have the odor of your famous sewers. I can understand why France is plagued by warts -- you are one!

Omigod

While the Manager looks pop-eyed, Malanez moves in to (ostensibly) break it up.

MALANEZ (to Banker Type)

Monsieur! That is President Nasasos Tunick whom you are insulting!

BANKER TYPE (shoving

Malanez aside)

He is a nincompoop! And he's probably a lecher as well. He looks like a lecher. And to dare to mention Napoleon in the same breath --

TUNICK

Hah -- the only constant direction you French have taken since Napoleon is downhill! Is that why you all die of cirrhosis!?

At this, two or three of the hotel's French patrons, who with others have banded to form a circle around the disputants, begin to growl a bit.

BANKER TYPE (to the crowd)

You hear? Eh, Messieurs, you hear what this foreign pig says of us?

The growling becomes louder. The Banker Type pushes his rolled paper into Tunick's stomach.

6
CONT'D
(4)

TUNICK (grunting)

You frog!

BANKER TYPE

You pig!

Now, Illya, who has been peering around the flowers to watch the scene, decides it's time to bring it to a half. He puts the flowers down and --

ILLYA

Uh -- gentlemen -- gentlemen.

He tries to step between them. Neither pays him any attention.

TUNICK

Frog!

BANKER TYPE

Pig!

They square off and throw punches. One hits Illya in the stomach, the other in the eye. As Illya goes down --

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

7

They open and NAPOLEON SOLO comes out. The brawl has now become general, with several onlookers now rushing Tunick while the Manager almost tearfully tries to hold them off and Malanez and Edgar not very effectively (as if they're not really trying) come to their chief's defense. Candyce is screaming daintily.

*comes
down
steps*

CANDYCE

Stop it, please!....Messieurs!

Solo sees the fallen Illya, starts toward him.

SOLO

Illya!

10-2-66

P.7

Tunick is swinging wildly and, as Solo rushes past him enroute to Illya, a punch clobbers him. Down goes Solo, flopping into unconsciousness beside the prone Illya as the flowers which Illya had been holding seem to form a border around them. FREEZE FRAME:

7
CONT'D
(2)

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S PARIS OFFICE - DAY

8

The Eiffel Tower or some other landmark can be seen through the window. A pretty girl (MICHELE) finishes pouring a glass of wine for WAVERLY, who has a sandwich in a piece of wax paper. Waverly takes a sip of the wine as the girl awaits his reaction hopefully.

WAVERLY

Excellent, my dear. A truly delightful bouquet.

The girl smiles, pleased, starts for the door. As she does so, Illiya and Solo enter.

WAVERLY

Ah, good afternoon, gentlemen....

Solo has turned to watch the departing Michele with a keen eye. He watches her go for several seconds, spins his head around as Waverly clears his throat.

SOLO

Oh....Good afternoon, sir.

WAVERLY

Her name is Michele, Mr. Solo. She is happily married and has two small children.

SOLO

Oh. Pity.

WAVERLY

Indeed.

(a beat)

Your ear looks a bit puffy, Mr. Kuryakin. Nothing bothersome, I trust.

ILLYA

No, sir.

(wryly)

Blessed be the peacemakers.

WAVERLY (indicating two other glasses on the table)
Please join me, gentlemen.
(as Iillya and Solo move to do so)
I've gotten a full report on that little incident at the hotel this morning. It was very skillfully arranged.

8
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Arranged, sir?

SOLO
By whom?

WAVERLY
Malanez. The real reason for our being here.

ILLYA
I'm afraid I've lost you, sir. Our briefing indicated Malanez was President Tunick's closest friend and -- collaborator.

WAVERLY
Quite so, Mr. Kuryakin. And that makes him number two in the affections of his countrymen.

SOLO
I gather then that you think he'd like to be number one.

WAVERLY
Precisely -

ILLYA (to Waverly)
This is probably my day to be dense, but I still don't understand what Malanez could possibly hope to gain from that brawl at the hotel.

WAVERLY
That is exactly what I would like you and Mr. Solo to find out. And remember, gentlemen, whatever Malanez's plans are, he must not be permitted to succeed. If he should seize power in his native land -- all Africa will go up in flames.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF TUNICK'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

9

Tunick, quite calm now, is seated at a dressing table, polishing his medals. It is Malanez who storms about the room, a sheaf of newspapers in his hand.

*Tunick lying on bed
Malanez storming*

MALANEZ (reading)

"...It was an altogether vulgar display on the part of the visiting -- popinjay."

(looks at Tunick for a response;

Tunick remains unruffled)

"Vulgar and shameful. President Tunick should have his mouth washed out with cheap California wine."

(hurls the papers down with a great show of bitterness)

Hah!

TUNICK (mildly, as he polishes)

What's wrong with that? I like California wines -

MALANEZ (feigning shock)

Your Excellency! First, you are publicly insulted by a French scoundrel! You, the President of a sovereign state! And to compound the insult, these --

(gesturing fiercely)

-- these journalists of the gutter --

TUNICK (still ungoaded)

...Besides, I shouldn't have allowed myself to be provoked. But, alas, I am a creature of impulse. My temper is too quick. Oh, how I miss my dear Delphine - she was the only one who knew how to manage me.

He picks up a richly framed photo of his late wife, who looks just like Candyce, and regards it reverently.

MALANEZ

You're entirely too tolerant, Excellency.

Tunick rises, puts his arm about Malanez.

TUNICK

Ah, my loyal, my faithful Malanez...
Tell me, can I blame an entire people
because of one jackass and three
editorial scribblers? I am a man of
good will, am I not?

9
CONT'D
(2)

MALANEZ

Too much so, Your Excellency. You
intend to go through with -- your
visit, then?....

TUNICK

But of course. And now, my friend,
if you will excuse me -- I think my
bath has been drawn.

Malanez bows, exits into --

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

10

where Edgar waits. Edgar can see immediately that Malanez
is displeased.

EDGAR

It didn't work?

MALANEZ (shakes his head)

I could not even get him to raise his
voice.

(bitterly)

The one-time tiger -- he has turned
into a purring kitten!

EDGAR (worriedly)

Then the plan....Perhaps -- perhaps it
will not work....?

MALANEZ

Do not fear. By the time this after-
noon is over, he will hate the French
with a passion so hot it will sear his
very soul!

(a beat)

The placards -- they are ready?

EDGAR (nods)

...As are all the other ingredients,
master.

MALANEZ (a smile
beginning to crease his face)
Ripe ones, Edgar?

10
CONT'D
(2)

EDGAR

Very.

(a beat)

Something else, master.

(as Malanez looks up)

The man who got out of the elevator?
Whom our President struck?

MALANEZ

Yes?

EDGAR

He looked familiar to me. I checked.
Napoleon Solo is his name. He is an
U.N.C.L.E. agent.

MALANEZ (alarmed)

He stays here at the hotel?

EDGAR

In room three-seventeen.

Malanez lets the significance of this soak in for a minute.
Then:

MALANEZ (his meaning
unmistakable)

We must not allow any flies in the
proverbial ointment, Edgar.

EDGAR

I will see to it.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HOTEL DES INVALIDES - (STOCK) - DAY

11

A taxi drives up.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE

12

Illya and Solo emerge from the red Renault cab, pay the
driver, look off toward the building housing Napoleon's
Tomb, start toward it.

CUT TO:

not shown

INT. HOTEL DES INVALIDES - TOMB LEVEL - DAY

13

Tunick is at the level of Napoleon's Tomb itself, gazes at it reverently for a long moment, paying his homage. Malanez is beside him, a sardonic look on his face.

TUNICK

Isn't this beautiful, Malanez?
Truly a tomb befitting a great man.
A really great man.

MALANEZ (shrugs)

...For a Frenchman.

ANGLE ON BALCONY

14

as Solo and Illya enter, look down on the scene.

SOLO

I trust you won't attempt any jokes
about my name and ---

ILLYA

Perish the thought, Napoleon.

BACK TO THE TOMB LEVEL

15

TUNICK (gesturing to
tomb)

A man of humble beginnings. Like
myself, Malanez. Exactly like myself.
And, like me, he rose to become the
leader of a great nation.

(a shrug)

Of course, our country is not yet
great but you and I -- we shall make
it that.

MALANEZ

Yes, Your Excellency. You and -- I.

He lingers a bit longer on the "I."

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

16

as the sneaky Edgar, carrying a large suitcase, moves down
it surreptitiously. He reaches --

*all the dialogue
in episode*

omit

ANGLE ON DOOR

17

on which there is the number 317. Edgar looks around carefully, then, with a skeleton key, opens the door.

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - DAY

18

Edgar moves through it into --

INT. SOLO'S BATHROOM - DAY

19

Edgar puts down the suitcase, opens it. He removes first a full-length rubber apron, dons it. Next, a mask and gloves. Now he unscrews the showerhead and attaches a flexible hose that leads from a cylindrical tank -- all of which is removed from the suitcase. He begins to pump fluid into the pipes. He unscrews the fittings, carefully replaces the showerhead. A few drops of fluid spill down the rubber apron and immediately burn it. Edgar is more than pleased. As he begins to repack his suitcase --

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL DES INVALIDES - DAY

20

as Tunick and Malanez come toward their limousine.

MALANEZ

As you yourself so brilliantly observed, Your Excellency, the French have only gone downhill since Napoleon's death.

TUNICK

Ah, but I said that in a moment of pique, Malanez. They are still a people I greatly admire, and --
(blinks)

What is this?

THEIR POV

21

of a band of placard-carrying demonstrators on the sidewalk before them. Among the signs: "TUNICK GO HOME," "NAPOLEON OUI - TUNICK NON," "DOWN WITH TUNICK," etc.

Most of the male demonstrators appear to be of about college age, and wear beards. The girls wear whatever is in fashion for girl beatniks these days. The demonstrators are led by a BEATNIK who upon closer examination turns out to be the "Banker Type" from the previous sequence.

21
CONT'D
(2)

BEATNIK

There he is! After him!

Now, in the hands of the demonstrators, there appears ripe fruit -- as ripe as Edgar promised it would be. The fruit flies through the air -- tomatoes, grapefruits, a cabbage or two.

TUNICK (goggle-eyed)

Malanez -- what is going on here?

SPLAT! A tomato hits Tunick on the nose.

BEATNIK

Formidable! A bull's-eye!

Solo and Illya appear on the scene now, take in the situation at a glance, move to protect Tunick. The President is getting splattered by a veritable barrage of fruit now. Malanez, untouched, now hurriedly propels Tunick through the barrage toward their limousine. They enter and drive off hastily, pursued by the demonstrators.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

21X1

They are not as lucky. In trying to shield Tunick, they have gotten clobbered -- Solo by some pretty ripe stuff, Illya by one of the protestors' signs. The boys are down on the pavement, all alone now. They look at each other.

SOLO

I'm not sure I like this.

ILLYA

It is getting a bit monotonous.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

22

Tunick -- his clothing a mess, his face still showing signs of tomato -- enters with Malanez, who is unscathed.

*Scene changes - after that
help them into limo they
confront the senior
beatnik. But he gets
away. They sit
down on curb*

As they move through the lobby toward the elevator bank, Malanez sees Candyce behind the desk. Candyce looks toward the messy Tunick in shock and alarm.

22
CONT'D
(2)

MALANEZ (to Tunick)

If you'll excuse me, I'll see if your other uniform has come back from the cleaners yet.

TUNICK

Do not trouble yourself, Malanez. Edgar can telephone.

MALANEZ

No trouble at all, Your Excellency. I'll join you in a moment.

He goes to the desk as Tunick continues on toward the elevators.

CANDYCE (wide-eyed)

What -- what has happened, Monsieur?

MALANEZ

An unfortunate accident. President Tunick came upon a band of students majoring in protest.

CANDYCE (blinks)

I do not understand.

MALANEZ (smiles)

Neither does the President...

Suddenly he reacts with visible amazement to the girl.

MALANEZ

Excuse me, Mademoiselle, do you mind turning your head a little? I'd like to see your profile.

CANDYCE

Is something wrong, Monsieur?

MALANEZ

No, no - on the contrary. It's simply that you look remarkably like someone I used to know.

CANDYCE

That person - I hope you have no unpleasant memories of her.

22

CONT'D

(3)

MALANEZ

None. Except that you are even prettier - and much younger.

CANDYCE

Thank you.

MALANEZ

What is your name, child?

CANDYCE

I am Candyce, Monsieur. At your service.

MALANEZ

Excellent. I believe the President left a uniform to be dry-cleaned. It should be ready by now.

CANDYCE

I shall look into it, Monsieur. And see that it is delivered.

MALANEZ

I want you to deliver it, my dear.

CANDYCE (surprised)

Me?

MALANEZ (pleasantly)

I realize it is not your regular function, but -- as a personal favor --

CANDYCE

Of course, Monsieur.

MALANEZ

Thank you, my dear -

He bestows a smile on her, moves off as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM OF TUNICK'S SUITE - DAY

23

Edgar, who has been sitting in a chair reading a magazine, jumps up as Malanez enters.

omit

EDGAR

Ah! He came in just a moment ago,
master.....

23
CONT'D
(2)

MALANEZ

I know.

EDGAR (gesturing O.S.)

...And headed straight for the tub.
He said he needed another bath.

MALANEZ

I daresay.

EDGAR (smiling)

It went well, eh?

MALANEZ

Well, yes and no.

EDGAR (questioningly)

Master?

MALANEZ

The demonstrators were quite satisfactory. The fruit was ripe -- and, as you saw, their aim was good.

EDGAR (beginning to understand)

But -- the President -- he is not in an uncontrollable rage?

MALANEZ

He laughs it off.

(mimicking)

"It is in the nature of students to demonstrate. Did you not, Malanez, throw tomatoes when you were at the University?" Hah!

EDGAR (eyes wide) --

The President -- did he ever throw tomatoes -- when he was a student?

MALANEZ (scornfully)

Hah! He never was a student! He is a semi-literate ex-corporal! And he is the President, while I --

(breaks off)

Ah, well, it won't be long now.

omit

EDGAR (surprised)

It won't? But, master, if he is not sufficiently incensed, then how -- ?

23

CONT'D

(3)

MALANEZ (smiles)

How?....The first thing you must learn about the high art of political intrigue, Edgar, is to always have what they call an ace in the hole.

EDGAR

You -- have one?

MALANEZ (the smile broadens)

I do indeed....Oh, by the way, this Solo fellow. He turned up again at the Tomb.

Now it's Edgar's turn to smile.

EDGAR

I doubt, master, that he will ever turn up again.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

24

It is Solo's turn to enter from outside, looking as much a tomato-splattered mess as Tunick did a few moments earlier. He is the object of all eyes as he moves, in some embarrassment, toward the elevators. Approaching the elevators from a different direction is Candyce, carrying on a hangar a neatly-pressed uniform for Tunick. She stares at Solo as they enter the same elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

25

as it ascends. Candyce and Solo are the only passengers.

CANDYCE

Excuse me, Monsieur.

SOLO

Yes?

CANDYCE

Is everyone covered with tomatoes?

SOLO

I beg your pardon?

25

CONT'D

(2)

CANDYCE

President Tunick -- he too looked
like a mixed green salad.

SOLO (dryly)

We -- ah -- shared the same riot.

On Solo's reaction --

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. TUNICK'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY

26

Tunick, squeaky clean now, is in a bathrobe, walking up
and down the floor. Malanez is at the bar, pouring a
drink. Edgar sits in a corner.

TUNICK

...It is no good, Malanez. I
appreciate your wish to relieve my
loneliness, but it is no good. I
have not looked at a woman since --
(sadly now)

-- since Delphine.....since the light
of my life was extinguished.

He takes the picture of his late wife from a table top,
looks at it reverently. Malanez moves around behind him,
looks over his shoulder. We again see the photo.

MALANEZ

This young woman -- she is the image
of your revered wife. It is as if she
is a twin.

TUNICK

A twin? A creature who even resembles
my departed dove?

(sighs)

Ah, how I have dreamed of finding one,
Malanez!

(shakes his head)

But it is impossible. Impossible!

Can there be more than one Mona Lisa?

Malanez looks at his watch.

MALANEZ

Forgive me, Your Excellency. I did not mean to suggest that the girl possesses the incomparable qualities of the noble woman you mourn.....But there is a striking resemblance.

26

CONT'D

(2)

TUNICK

Enough! Let us turn the talk to other matters.....Have my medicine balls arrived? I need a workout!

There is a KNOCK on the door. Malanez gestures to Edgar, who moves to open the door. And standing in the doorway, holding Tunick's uniform, is Candyce. She curtsies.

ANGLE ON TUNICK

27

His eyes widen, and we can literally see his pulse begin to speed.

ON CANDYCE

28

She is a bit nervous in the presence of such exalted figures.

CANDYCE (to Malanez)

I have the uniform for Monsieur le President.

SCENE

29

TUNICK

It cannot be!

CANDYCE

Eh? Oh, but it is, Monsieur le President. At first, I was afraid it would not be ready, but --

Edgar relieves her of the uniform, places it on the sofa.

TUNICK

My dove! My little cardomom!

-- CANDYCE (boy, is she confused!)

Monsieur...?

TUNICK

Who are you? Where did you come from? Are you a reincarnation?

29

CONT'D

(2)

CANDYCE (dazed)

I -- I am Candyce. I come from downstairs. What was your last question?

Tunick drags the bewildered girl toward a chair and pushes her down.

TUNICK

Edgar!

(Edgar snaps to)

You will telephone the finest restaurant in all Paris! I shall want a private room tonight and flowers, a veritable hothouse of flowers --

(his excitement, his exuberance mounting)

-- and musicians -- and troubadors -- and exotic birds....

EDGAR

Yes, Your Excellency.

He starts for the telephone.

TUNICK (gesturing off,

his eyes never leaving Candyce)

From the other room, Edgar.....And you, too, my dear Malanez, if you do not mind....

Malanez, who does not mind at all, starts with Edgar for the bedroom.

TUNICK (to the wide-eyed Candyce)

You dear child -- you sweet Seraph from Elysium -- you and I must become properly acquainted before the feast!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SOLO'S SUITE - DAY

30

Solo, in a robe, opens the shower curtains and turns on the water. He's still a mess, which is, of course, the

reason for the shower. As he is about to step out of the robe and into the tub, his communicator BEEPS. He steps to the bathroom chair over which his jacket is hung, takes the communicator out of his breast pocket.

30
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (into communicator)

Solo here.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

31

Illya is behind some statuary.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Anything new?

SOLO'S VOICE (filter)

Not a thing here. How about your end?

ILLYA

I don't know how important it is -- but it looks like a beginning of a beautiful romance. The Little Corporal has a date with that pretty receptionist at the desk.

RESUME SOLO

32

SOLO (into communicator)

Well, well, maybe that will liven things up a bit.

ON BATHTUB

33

The acid rapidly dissolves the shower floor, causing it to CRASH through the floor.

ILLYA'S VOICE (filter)

What was that?

RESUME SOLO

34

as he looks at the great smoking hole in the floor.

SOLO (into communicator)

Things have livened up a bit sooner than I thought.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - ON SOLO - NIGHT

as he sits at the bar, nursing a drink, smiling at a young lady who smiles back.

35

*Stands at
counter
no drink*

ANGLE ON DOOR

36

Nasasos Tunick, followed by two Flunkies whose arms are laden with beribboned packages (doubtless gifts for Candyce), enters, bowed and scraped in by a Waiter as the PROPRIETOR rushes up.

PROPRIETOR

Monsieur le President?

TUNICK (eagerly)

Is she here? Is she here?

PROPRIETOR

The young lady? She has not yet arrived.

TUNICK

Oh, dear.

(looks at watch)

Of course. It is barely eight-thirty.

PROPRIETOR

If you will follow me, Excellency, I shall show you the arrangements.....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

37

as Candyce, dressed as well as she can be considering her likely wage, emerges from her apartment house, waits on the street.

ANGLE ON LIMOUSINE

37X1

as it sweeps around a corner, parks in front of the house -- and in front of Candyce. The Chauffeur gets out, opens the door and Candyce gets into the rear.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

37X2

Candyce turns to the person in the car who has been half-hidden by a flower bouquet. It is the evil Edgar.

CANDYCE (surprised)

Where...where is the President?

EDGAR

In here.

A spurt of gas comes out of the flowers as he pushes the bouquet into her face. She slumps forward as the car starts up.

No Flowers
HE PUTS HIS
HAND OVER HER
FACE.

ON U.N.C.L.E. CAR

37X3

parked nearby, its headlights out. Illya is in the driver's seat. He starts the motor now, slips the car into gear, flicks on the headlights, drives off. We establish that he is not pursuing the limousine, for he has no reason to suspect something is amiss within. He is merely following.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PARIS STREETS - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

38

as Illya's car trails the limousine bearing the kidnapped Candyce. It's a pursuit now. Both cars are traveling very fast.

EXT. WINE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

39

The limousine spins around a corner and --

INT. WINE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

40

-- drives in, comes to a stop. The Driver takes the drugged, semi-conscious girl out of the car, starts away with her. Edgar, who was in the car, watches them go.

Yelling &
Kicking

EXT. WINE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

41

Illya parks his car outside and, gun at the ready, starts for the warehouse door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

42

Illya enters, looks about.

ANGLE ON EDGAR

43

as he fits together the sections of a six-foot blow gun and snaps on a pneumatic dart case.

maybe 1/2 ft.

ON ILLYA

44

prowling.

ON EDGAR

45

He aims and fires.

ON ILLYA

46

The dart strikes a foot above Illya's head.

WIDER ANGLE

only 2 feet
47

Illya turns and runs as several more darts splatter by him. The last one hits him in the shoulder. He starts to pluck it out, then falls unconscious.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. RESTAURANT ALCOVE - NIGHT

48

This is the private room which Tunick had requested. The flower-filled table is ornately, magnificently set for two. Two Waiters, the traditional towels draped over their arms, stand at attention, eyes forward, troops waiting to be reviewed. Also awaiting inspection are three Violinists, who are carrying their instruments at a sort of port-arms. There are bird-cages everywhere, and the CHIRPING provides a musical background.

PROPRIETOR

....and these are the violinists,
Monsieur le President....

The Violinists bow as one.

48

CONT'D
(2)

PROPRIETOR

...A truly superb group of musicians.
All honor graduates of the Conservatory.

TUNICK (very nervous)

She should have been here by now.

PROPRIETOR (shrugs)

If you will excuse the impertinence --
you know how it is with women. For my
wife to get ready, I sometimes wait
for hours.

Over this, the CAMERA PANS TO an adjacent private room
where Malanez sits alone, eating -- and listening and
watching. Through the partially drawn curtains -- or
something akin to it -- he can see Tunick (though re-
maining unseen by him) and will observe with relish the
President's discomfiture as the evening progresses.

BACK TO ALCOVE

49

PROPRIETOR

...And now, Monsieur le President,
if I may, a word about the menu we
have planned....

ANGLE ON SOLO

50

just outside the alcove, eavesdropping.

PROPRIETOR (V.O.)

...We thought to begin with a rare
variety of fresh Persian caviar,
which I am sure will admirably whet
the young lady's appetite.....

Solo moves off, goes behind a convenient potted palm,
takes out his communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)

Open Channel D, please.

(no response)

Illya?...Come in, Illya.....Illya?

(he frowns)

Open Channel H.

INT. UNCLE PARIS COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

51

Waverly is at the mike.

WAVERLY

Is that you, Mr. Solo?

INTERCUT WITH SOLO

52

SOLO

Yes, sir. I -- haven't been able to establish contact with Illya.

WAVERLY

Oh? I understood he was to follow the girl.

SOLO

That's right. And the girl should have been here at the restaurant by now.

(a beat)

She's not.

WAVERLY (thoughtfully)

I see....I would suspect that our friend Malanez might know something about that.

SOLO

That thought crossed my mind, too, sir.

WAVERLY

Mmm. Well, try not to worry too much about Mr. Kuryakin. You just stay with Tunick. Perhaps if it becomes plain that the girl will not appear, you might talk to the President. He may be able to throw some additional light on the situation.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ALCOVE

53

Additional time has passed. The lone Waiter in the alcove now stifles a yawn. The flowers look a little wilted.

And Tunick is utterly disconsolate. Idly, he cuts a chunk of meat off a magnificent roast in the center of the table, stuffs it into his mouth. He fairly bounds up with sudden hope as someone enters the alcove -- but it's only the Proprietor..

53
CONT'D
(2)

Changed

PROPRIETOR

I sent the musicians home, Your Excellency.

TUNICK (shakes his

head, dazedly)

I do not understand.

(looks up to Proprietor)

She was so happy when I told her about my plans for this evening. She said she felt like Cinderella!

PROPRIETOR

The ways of women, Monsieur le President, they are not easily understood. Take my wife, for example....

He breaks off when it becomes plain to him that Tunick does not want to take his wife.

PROPRIETOR

Excuse the impertinence, Your Excellency.

He discreetly exits. Tunick rises, paces about the small room, picks up some flowers, sniffs them, hurls them to the floor. He is a man distraught.

ON MALANEZ

54

in the adjacent room, watching with unmistakable pleasure. Suddenly --

EDGAR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Psst!

Malanez turns. Edgar approaches. He holds up his hand with thumb and forefinger forming a circle -- the sign of success. The conversation is low, lest Tunick in the next room overhear.

MALANEZ (smiles)

I gather, Edgar, that things went

EDGAR

Better than that, master.

(contains his pleasure only
with difficulty)The other U.N.C.L.E. agent -- the
blond one?....He tried to follow us
....And now he is a captive, too!

54

CONT'D

(2)

Malanez's face lights up even more.

MALANEZ

Excellent, Edgar!

(smiles)

Perhaps when I become President, I
shall make you my Chief of Security.
Would you like that?

EDGAR

I'll like that.

MALANEZ

...Provided that the letter gets
here...

EDGAR

It will be here within minutes.

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Good evening, Monsieur le President..

Malanez and Edgar glance quickly at each other, then they
stop to listen as their eyes go to the partially drawn
curtain so they can witness this latest development..

INT. ALCOVE

55

as Tunick turns to face Solo, who is standing in the
near-doorway.

TUNICK

Please, I do not wish to be --

(as recognition dawns)

You! You are the one who tried to
help me at --SOLO (brushes it off,
his hand upraised to still
Tunick's expression of gratitude)
Please! It was nothing, really. I
just try to live by the Golden Rule.

(Cont.)

SOLO (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You know, this is a remarkable coincidence.

55
CONT'D
(2)

TUNICK (puzzled)

It is?

SOLO

Well, I've just finished dinner, and I was on my way out, and I just happened to look in here --

TUNICK

I am grateful for your presence, Monsieur -- ?

SOLO

Solo. Napoleon Solo.

TUNICK

Monsieur Solo. First so I may thank you, and then because --

(his voice cracks a little)

-- because at this moment I need a friend.

SOLO

You -- ah -- you are in some difficulty?

TUNICK (disconsolate)

It is an affair of the heart, Monsieur. The most beautiful of young ladies, a dove, a Bird of Paradise --

At this moment, the Proprietor enters.

PROPRIETOR

Excuse me, Excellency. I was asked to deliver this to you.

He hands Tunick a letter, exits. Tunick eagerly rips open the envelope.

TUNICK

It must be from her! Perhaps she is ill! That's why she did not come -- she must be ill!

With trembling hands, he unfolds the letter, starts reading aloud.

TUNICK (reading)

"Monsieur Tunick -- I hope you did not get the impression this afternoon that I -- "

55
CONT'D
(3)

(his voice changes, as does his manner, as he continues to read)

" -- could possibly be -- attracted to you. Though I am of humble birth myself, I do not feel at home in the company of savages....I agreed to the rendezvous only in the fear that if I did not you would commit some violence -- "

He cannot go on. He crumples up the note, a completely shattered, broken man. Solo steps in.

SOLO

Your Excellency, I think some explaining is in order...

TUNICK (dully)

Not now.

SOLO

But you see --

TUNICK (in a savage fury)

NOT NOW! LEAVE ME ALONE!

Solo hesitates, then withdraws from the alcove.

ON MALANEZ AND EDGAR

56

in the adjacent private room. They have watched and heard it all.

EDGAR

You write a very good letter, master.

MALANEZ

It could not go better.....Except for that Solo.

(looks hard at Edgar)

The bathtub. He was supposed to have been killed in the bathtub.

EDGAR

Perhaps he does not like to bathe.

56
CONT'D
(2)

MALANEZ (thoughtfully)

You have two prisoners, Edgar. Why
not make it three?....And this time
-- do not fail.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - ON SOLO - NIGHT

He's nursing a drink, looking sympathetically toward --

57
NOT AT
BAR - AT THE
BUFFET TABLE
TASTING
Something

ALCOVE

58

where, through the opened drapes or whatever, Tunick can
be seen, a pitiful figure, seated at the table, his head
cradled in his hands. The Proprietor approaches.

PROPRIETOR

Monsieur Solo? There is a gentleman
outside who wants to see you. He
says it is most urgent.

SOLO

Oh? Thank you.

He casts another look toward Tunick, then moves toward the
exit.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

59

Solo emerges warily, but not quite warily enough. For
no sooner does he get out the door than -- WHACK! -- a
savagely judo chop administered by Edgar catches him from
the side, and he falls as we -- BLUR FRAME AND:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DRAWING ROOM OF TUNICK'S SUITE - NIGHT

60

A little while after the affair at the restaurant. Malanez and Tunick pace the room. The former is indulging in an orgy of self-flagellation.

MALANEZ (gesturing
bitterly)

It is all my fault! Oh, what a fool
I was! To want you to meet that --
that -- creature --

(breaks off in frustration
and despair)

Aagh! Words fail me!

Tunick places an arm about Malanez's shoulder, tries to assuage his guilt.

TUNICK

Do not blame yourself, my faithful
friend. You meant well.

Malanez shakes his head in self-contempt, pulls loose from Tunick's gentle touch, walks into --

INT. TUNICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

-- talking as he goes. Tunick follows.

MALANEZ

I should have guessed something like
this would happen! The French -- I
have always known they are masters
of deceit!

TUNICK (bridling)

My wife, Malanez. She was French.

MALANEZ (soothingly)

Merely an exception that proves the
rule, Excellency.

He starts back into the --

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

62

-- with Tunick at his heels.

TUNICK (thoughtfully)
You may be right, Malanez. Ever
since we came here I felt a certain
hostility in the air.

MALANEZ (whirls to face
him, shocked by the understatement)

Hostility?

(marveling)

Oh, if only everyone were blessed with
your patience, your stoicism!....You
have been systematically insulted and
-- and humiliated!

TUNICK (fighting it)
Still -- the government itself has
greeted us warmly. You have to admit
that....

MALANEZ (a sneer)
Ah, but have they, Your Excellency!?
Tell me, have they sent a single
representative to apologize, on
behalf of France, for all the
indignities you have suffered?

TUNICK (chews on this)
You're right. They should have done
at least that, Malanez.

MALANEZ (voice dripping
with scorn)
But no! The hypocrites that make up
the French government! Do you know
what they are doing? THEY ARE LAUGHING
AT YOU!!!

That does it. Tunick, who has been battling an explosion,
loses.

TUNICK (in a monumental
fury)
No one laughs at Nasasos Tunick! No
one! You will immediately dispatch a
note to them and demand full satis-
faction. I want someone from the

(Cont.)

TUNICK (CONT'D)

French Foreign Ministry here within
the hour! Do you hear that, Malanez?!
THAT IS AN ORDER!

62

CONT'D

(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WINE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

63

Illya, Solo and Candyce are seated on the floor, securely bound to posts. Near them, we see a wine press, huge vats, etc. Overhead there is a trolley track. The slow dripping of wine is HEARD O.S.

*Standing
no drops*

CANDYCE (guiltily)

Imagine! For me to think -- even
for a moment -- that Monsieur Tunick
was responsible for all this!...

SOLO

You really like him, don't you?

CANDYCE

It was love at first sight! Such a
masterful man! And that Napoleonic
look in his eyes -- it gives me the
shivers!

SOLO (to Illya)

Any luck with the ropes?

Edgar, unseen by the others appears in the doorway,
accompanied by an Armed Guard.

ILLYA

No. Our friend Edgar is an expert
at tying knots.

Edgar steps forward now.

EDGAR

Thank you. I shall untie them now.
At least yours and Mr. Solo's.

ILLYA (surprised)

To what do we owe this kindness?

Edgar starts to unbind Illya, while the Guard stands
with gun at the ready.

EDGAR (straight-faced)
It's not kindness. We have something
else in store for you. Something a
bit more -- imaginative.

63
CONT'D
(2)

On this provocative note, we --

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TUNICK'S SUITE - NIGHT

64

Malanez inspects critically the appearance of a sophisticated DIPLOMATIC TYPE with a Mephistophelean beard and a monocle. (If we're very perceptive, we might recognize him as the "Banker Type" of the lobby incident and the Beatnik of Napoleon's Tomb. But only if we're very very perceptive.) Now he arches his eyebrow in disdain and lets the monocle drop.

MALANEZ

Now, don't forget -- the sneer....
and put more pucker in your lower
lip.

He adjusts his boutonniere, puts the proper tilt to his bowler:

DIPLOMAT (turgidly)

Besides, sir, the French government
is not in the business of matchmaking...

MALANEZ

That'll do. And don't forget to tell
him about the squeak in his voice.

Malanez knocks on the door.

INT. TUNICK'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

65

Tunick is restlessly pacing the room muttering to himself.

TUNICK

...A nation of louts! I'll show them --

There is another KNOCK.

TUNICK (bellowing)

Enter!

Malanez and the "Diplomat" enter.

65
CONT'D
(2)

MALANEZ

Mr. President, Councillor Le Dier.
From the French Foreign Ministry.

TUNICK

Ah! I presume, sir, that you are
about to apologize on behalf of your
government.

Malanez discreetly steps back.

DIPLOMAT

Apologize?! For what?

TUNICK

For what!? The only constant thing
I've found in Paris is rudeness.

DIPLOMAT

That, sir, is a trait we reserve for
visiting boors.

TUNICK (a beat)

I will ask you what you said again.
Was boor your word?

DIPLOMAT

From what I have heard, profligate
would be better. We get you foreign
lechers by the dozens. Tell me, do
you think the French government is
in the business of matchmaking for
those too clumsy to find their own
mates? Obviously, sir, your romantic
techniques are less than modern. A
week in one of our charm schools would
be of enormous benefit.

TUNICK (squeaking more so)

Charm school!

DIPLOMAT

It might also remove the squeak from
your voice.

TUNICK

Out! Out! You insolent oaf! I'll
have your resignation!

DIPLOMAT (with immense
dignity)

Mine -- is a lifetime position!

65
CONT'D
(3)

He arches his eyebrow, drops his monocle, turns and slams the door. Tunick storms through the room, muttering to himself.

misslammy

TUNICK

The final straw! Oh, if only I had the bomb. I'd defoliate their vineyards --

(as Malanez steps forward)

Tell me, Malanez -- does my voice squeak!?

MALANEZ

I beg your pardon?

Tunick, in his rage, sweeps all the papers off his desk.

TUNICK

I'll squeak, all right! With cannon fire! This is war!

MALANEZ

Alas, our treasury would not permit it.

TUNICK (chews on this,

realizes the truth of it;
bellicosely)

Then think, Malanez, think! Think how I can pay them back for their insolence. --

(a thought)

I have it! We'll blow up the Eiffel Tower!

(ponders this as he storms
through the room)

No. Little children might get hurt
.....I do not want to hurt infants.

MALANEZ (after a beat;
almost casually)

I have an idea.

TUNICK (eagerly)

You do?

MALANEZ

It would strike numbness into the
heart of every Frenchman.

(a beat)

It would be suitable repayment for
your humiliation....

TUNICK

You do? Tell me!

Malanez turns, indicates the large picture of Napoleon on
the wall.

MALANEZ

It -- ah -- involves a friend of yours.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON the Napoleon portrait until it FILLS
FRAME, and we --

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WINE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

66

where we have seen our trio earlier. This time, though,
there are some positional changes. Candyce is still
bound to her post, but Illya is suspended on ropes from
the overhead trolley track. A slow dripping of wine is
HEARD O.S. Illya calls down to Edgar, who is sitting
reading a magazine in a far corner of the room.

ILLYA (insultingly)

What happened to your hair, Samson?

EDGAR (holding up his
massive hands)

You'd better be careful, Mr. Kuryakin
-- or you will be squeezed.

ANGLE ON SOLO

67

He has been sewn into a giant bladder or pigskin and has
been placed below the dripping bung of one of the great
wine vats. He's being squeezed now -- in the pigskin --
and he can barely talk.

SOLO (huskily, to Illya)

You'll have to do better than that.
Tell him how ugly he is.

Illya goes at it with more conviction.

ILLYA (calling down to
Edgar)
Nothing personal, but you're the
homeliest man I've ever seen.

UGLIEST

EDGAR
Once again -- I warn you....

SOLO (in great agony)
Keep at it....

ILLYA
You must have been conceived during
a nightmare.

What do you use for
food -

The giant Edgar has had enough. Methodically, he rises from his chair, unties the rope on the wall. Illya crashes to the floor. Edgar picks Illya up by the head and drags him past Solo to one of the wine casks.

EDGAR (to Illya)
I must wash your mouth out.

line omitted

He takes the lid off the cask and starts to lift Illya in. Illya puts his feet up against the side and kicks loose from Edgar's grip.

Solo NOT IN
PIG-SKIN
69

VARIOUS ANGLES

They circle around one another. Both Solo and Candyce call encouragement to Illya. Edgar takes powerful swipes at him, but Illya adroitly avoids them. Then Illya darts in, strikes Edgar a couple of blows in the face. Edgar, more annoyed than hurt, puts his hands to his face and Illya lets him have it in the stomach. All to no effect. As Edgar starts after the retreating Illya again, Solo puts his feet out and trips him.

SOLO
The bung starter....there.

Illya spots the heavy wooden bung starter near a wine vat, grabs it and wallops Edgar over the head. Edgar finally crumples. Now Illya slits open Solo's pigskin, allowing Solo to spill out and draw a large breath, then moves to untie Candyce.

ILLYA STICKS
Him with DART
EDGAR TAKES
BUNG AWAY FROM
ILLYA BEFORE
he can hit him.
But collapsed
as Edgar takes
effort

SOLO

I'm proud of you.

69

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

It was nothing, really.

CANDYCE (as Illya
unties her bonds)

Oh, thank you, thank you, Monsieur.

Suddenly a SHOT rings out. Two Guards -- including the one we have seen earlier -- are at the doorway. Now there is another battle, in the accepted UNCLE tradition, in which Illya and Solo dodge the bullets of the pursuing Guards, finally manage to dispose of both of them. The battle, needless to say, will take full advantage of the available set. In the course of it, Edgar will start to rise, and Candyce will re-clobber him with the bung starter Illya used earlier.

*No Bullets**She hits him*

The battle over, Solo moves to the fallen Edgar, recovers two UNCLE communicators, hands one to Illya, pockets the other. He examines Edgar briefly, looks up at Candyce.

SOLO (to Candyce)

I hope you didn't hit him too hard.

CANDYCE (angrily)

A man like that! How can you hit him too hard!?

SOLO

Mmm. You have a point there. But I'm rather anxious for him to come to. He's got a lot of talking to do.

ILLYA

In that case I'd better take Candyce to the hotel. She could at least reassure Tunick she didn't write that note.

CANDYCE

Yes. I must talk to him. To poor, poor Monsieur Tunick.

She shakes her head in compassion for the wronged President. Illya and Candyce exit. Solo slaps Edgar's face. Edgar stirs.

SOLO
Come on, little man. Wake up.

69
CONT'D
(3)

He slaps him again as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

CLOSE - A CROSS SECTION PLAN (DRAWING)

70

of the Hotel des Invalides, showing both the building
and the sub-basement. ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT OF NAPOLEON'S TOMB - NIGHT

71

A twenty-foot circle in red has been painted on the
ceiling. Around it a number of beams have been erected
as scaffolding. A great electrical jack is prominent in
the center. Its purpose: to lower that section of
ceiling on top of which rests Napoleon's Tomb. A WORKER
with a portable laser instrument is curving the ceiling
around the outer edges of the circle.

MALANEZ (pointing to
drawing)
There's the Tomb - and that's where
we are - directly under it.

TUNICK
Stealing Napoleon's Tomb!.....And
right under their long noses!.....
It is masterly, Malanez, masterly!

MALANEZ (modestly)
I was sure you would approve.

Tunick steps closer to the scaffolding and looks up at
the jack.

TUNICK
Squeak, do I! I'll have them all
squeaking!
(turns back to Malanez)
But one thing I do not understand.
How did you manage it so -- so
quickly -- ?

MALANEZ

71
CONT'D
(2)

Knowing the French as I do, Excellency, I never doubted the kind of a reception we would receive....And knowing you as I do -- a veritable lion among men -- I knew that in time you would stop turning the other cheek.

(smiles)

I -- set this plan in motion long -- before we left for Paris.

TUNICK (in awe)

Malanez, you are a genius!

MALANEZ (humbly)

I try to serve.

Tunick moves around some more, examining the various pieces of equipment. Malanez follows. Now Tunick gestures to the ceiling.

TUNICK

Where is it -- he -- where is he going to be taken?

MALANEZ

Through the Metro -- in a stolen subway train. The spur track is already down. At exactly three o'clock --
(looks at watch)

-- twenty-three minutes from now -- Napoleon Bonaparte will be yours.

(a beat)

And now, Your Excellency, if you will excuse me --

TUNICK

Where are you going?

MALANEZ

...I must attend to some final details. About the subway train and all....

TUNICK

Oh. Of course.

MALANEZ (indicating the workers)

The men will handle things here. They know precisely what to do. You are in excellent hands.

TUNICK (barely able
to contain his joy)
Oh, I know it, my dear Malanez!
And how grateful I am to you! How
everlastingly grateful!

71
CONT'D
(3)

FREEZE FRAME AND:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

72

as Illya and Candyce enter hurriedly, move to the desk behind which the Manager, whom we have seen in the Teaser, stands. We note that the lobby is deserted at this hour save for a cluster of three or four men who will be later identified as REPORTERS.

MANAGER (with surprise)

Candyce!

ILLYA (to Manager)

President Tunick. We hate to wake him at this hour, but it's quite urgent.

MANAGER

But he is not in, Monsieur! He left not an hour ago! With Monsieur Malanez.

ILLYA

Oh? Do you know where they went?

MANAGER

No, but it must have been a matter of some importance...But Monsieur Malanez should be back momentarily according to those gentlemen of the press over there....

(gestures to the Reporters)
Can you imagine? Calling a press conference at three o'clock in the morning?

On Illya's quizzical look --

CUT TO:

INT. WINE WAREHOUSE - ON WINE VAT - NIGHT

73

Edgar pops his head up from beneath the surface, spitting a geyser of wine like some giant whale. Solo holds the lid of the vat.

SOLO

Now?

73
CONT'D
(2)

EDGAR (gasping)

No.....

Solo closes the lid, waits a few seconds, then opens it again. Edgar bobs up once more.

SOLO

Have you reconsidered?

He holds the lid, ready to lower it again if Edgar hasn't. Edgar realizes that, under the circumstances, he doesn't have much choice.

EDGAR

All right....

SOLO

You've made a wise decision.

EDGAR (words coming hard)

This will be the final...humiliation
for the President. He will be made
a laughing stock.....all over the
world....And then Malanez....he will
take over the government.....

At this moment Solo's communicator BLEEPS - Solo switches it on.

SOLO (into communicator)

Yes?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

74

Illya, with Candyce in a secluded corner.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Tunick is out - and something big is
about to break. Malanez has called a
press conference.

INTERCUT WITH SOLO AND EDGAR AT WINE WAREHOUSE

75

SOLO

Just a minute -

(to Edgar)

Where is Tunick?

EDGAR
At Napoleon's Tomb.

75
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Where?

SOLO
Napoleon's Tomb.

ILLYA
What is he doing there?

EDGAR
Stealing it!

ILLYA
He's what?

SOLO (into communicator)
Never mind. I suggest you and Candyce
get over there right away....The sub-
basement....see you there.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Right.

(clicks off; to Candyce)
Have you ever been to Napoleon's Tomb?

He starts propelling her toward the door.

CANDYCE (a bit baffled
by all the goings on)
No...This is something for tourists.
I have lived in Paris all my life.

ILLYA
You'll see it now....I hope.

They exit. At the exact instant they leave through one
of the doors, Malanez enters through the adjacent one,
not seeing Illya and Candyce, not seen by them. Malanez
moves to the desk.

MALANEZ (to Manager)
The members of the press...?

MANAGER (indicating)
Over there, Monsieur...

Malanez nods, moves to the cluster of Reporters.

MALANEZ (to Reporters)
Gentlemen....I deeply regret routing
you out of your beds at this hour of
the morning, but what I have to say
-- you will find it of great interest.
You may sit if you choose, gentlemen.
But I shall be brief.

75
CONT'D
(3)

One or two of the Reporters sit, the others remain standing. All pencils are poised. Malanez takes a deep breath.

MALANEZ
I have a great sense of loyalty to
the President of my country, Nasasos
Tunick. But I have a greater sense
of responsibility to all humanity --
(a beat)

My President, I must report with deep
regret, has lost his senses.

(a dramatic pause)
Despite all my entreaties, Nasasos
Tunick, at this very moment, is in
the process of stealing Napoleon's
Tomb!

The Reporters gape, blink, look at Malanez.

SPEAKING REPORTER
Stealing Napoleon's Tomb!
(a what-are-you-trying-to-hand-
me look)
Monsieur!

MALANEZ
Now I know you may find this difficult to believe. However, you have
merely to go there, and --

He breaks off as the Manager enters, carrying a phone
with a long cord.

MANAGER
An urgent call for you, Monsieur
Malanez.

MALANEZ
Excuse me.
(into phone)
Yes?

Edgar, at a wall telephone, is sopping wet from his dunkings.

EDGAR (breathless)
Master, they have escaped! Solo is
on his way to the Tomb right now!

MALANEZ (in a rage)
What?!....Never mind. Just get over
there right away. I'll be there in
a minute!

Malanez hangs up.

MALANEZ (shaken, to the
Reporters)
If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I
must rush off.
(as he moves hastily to the door)
But if you will join me at the Tomb in
about fifteen minutes you will be able
to see for yourself the truth of what
I've told you.

And he is gone.

INT. TOMB SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

77

There are three Workers in the room, making final adjustments before the lowering of the Tomb.

TUNICK
We must be gentle, my children. We
must handle it with great care. This
is no ordinary prize!

Now Solo bursts in through the door.

SOLO
Hold it!

Tunick blinks.

TUNICK
You? Again?!

Solo takes in the situation at a glance, rushes up to the President.

77
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (indicating the Tomb)
It'll take me a while to explain, but I think you'd better call the whole thing off.

TUNICK
Eh? What did you say?

SOLO
Call it off! Mr. President, you've been a dupe. Malanez --

TUNICK
Call it off!?

SOLO
You've got to! You --

Tunick leaps on Solo, starts to grapple with him.

TUNICK (as they wrestle)
Whoever you are -- you think you can thwart me now?.... Cheat me of my revenge?

He swings, hits Solo on the point of the chin. Solo goes down.

TUNICK (to the Workers)
Don't let him get up!

He rushes now to the button that controls the jack, pushes it. The Tomb begins to descend. Solo starts to rise, but, unarmed, he is powerless against the three Workers who have moved to surround him, regard him menacingly. Solo looks at the descending Tomb, shakes his head.

SOLO
Oh, no!

ANGLE ON DOOR

78

This time it's the turn of Illya and Candyce to come bursting through. Illya does have a gun. He takes in the situation quickly, points the gun at the Workers.

TUNICK

My little dove -- Candyce -- she has
told me everything! Agh! That
Malanez! If only I could get my hands
on him!

79
CONT'D
(2)

His gestures indicate that, if he could, Malanez would not
be long for this world.

SOLO

Let's stick to our immediate problem.
We've got to put Napoleon back.

ILLYA (to Tunick)

Do you have any ideas?

TUNICK (sadly)

None. Alas, I have no mechanical
aptitude whatsoever.

ILLYA (frowns again)

Maybe those workmen ---

MALANEZ'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're much too late, gentlemen.

ANGLE ON MALANEZ AND EDGAR

80

The two presumably have met on the way in, stand in the
doorway, Malanez holding a gun. Illya drops his as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. IMPOSING DOOR - NIGHT

81

It's a massive door -- which, we trust, will be recognized
as the door of the Hotel des Invalides. One Reporter (the
SECOND SPEAKING REPORTER) knocks on the door. Three other
Reporters -- presumably the ones we saw earlier but
actually a different set of extras -- are behind him.
The door opens a crack and an elderly uniformed WATCHMAN
peers out.

WATCHMAN

Are you all drunk? Don't you know
the Tomb is closed?

We are the press.

(flashes a card)

It is essential that we go in.

CONT'D
(2)

WATCHMAN

Why?

SECOND SPEAKING REPORTER (a

bit embarrassed)

To see if Napoleon is still there.

The Watchman gapes.

SECOND SPEAKING REPORTER

Please. We have reason to believe he
may not be. Let us in.

He starts to push against the door. The Watchman pushes
back.

WATCHMAN

You must be drunk!

(a beat while he considers;
warthen)

You stay where you are. I shall go
look --

The door closes in the Reporters' -- and our -- faces.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT -- NIGHT

82

Malanez holds his gun on all the good people, with Edgar
and the three Workers giving numerical superiority to his
side.

MALANEZ (to Tunick,

with fiendish delight)

It has taken me eight years -- years
of Gargantuan patience -- eight years
of listening to your nonsense and your
bluster -- to maneuver you into this
noose....

Over this, Illiya has been edging over to a wrench. His
hand tightens around it. He hurls it just as Malanez
fires. The wrench nicks him slightly, spoiling his aim.

Solo literally knocks Candyce to cover -- and the battle is on. Solo and Illya take on Edgar and the three Workers -- and Tunick, having been granted his fervent wish, goes for Malanez.....As the battle rages --

82
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. TOMB - BALCONY LEVEL (STEREO)

83

The Watchman looks down toward the sarcophagus and sees a gaping hole where the sarcophagus ought to be.

CLOSE - WATCHMAN

84

His eyes are larger than basketballs. He whirls and darts OUT OF FRAME.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT

85

As our boys -- with an assist by Candyce, who hits one of the Workers with a crate -- win the battle, Tunick dispatches Malanez with a final juicy punch. As Malanez falls, a key falls from his pocket.....

ON IMPOSING DOOR

86

as it opens to the Reporters. The Watchman looks as if he is about to faint.

WATCHMAN (babbling)

He's gone! Napoleon's gone!

The Reporters shove hastily through the door, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT

87

Illya picks up the key that has fallen from Malanez's pocket.

ILLYA (prayerfully)

Maybe.....Just maybe.....

He moves quickly to the jack mechanism, finds a place to insert the key, does so. The jack, with its precious cargo, begins to lift. Higher....higher.....

87
CONT'D
(2)

INT. TOMB - BALCONY LEVEL

88

The Reporters, along with the Watchman, rush INTO SHOT, look down.

THEIR POV

89

The sarcophagus. In place. As if it's never been moved. The Reporters turn to look with scorn at the Watchman.

SECOND SPEAKING REPORTER (to
Watchman)

Your breath....Let me smell it.

(smells it)

Just as I thought.

ZIP PAN TO:

(TAG -- Scene 90 -- TO FOLLOW: This coda will be about 1½ pages in length, will take place in the restaurant we have seen earlier, and will involve Solo, Illya, Waverly, Tunick, Candyce, the Banker-Beatnik-Diplomat and the restaurant Proprietor.)

THE END

TAG

INT. RESTURANT ALCOVE - NIGHT

90-91

This time, the table is set for five -- and occupied by that number. Solo, Illya and Waverly listen with mild embarrassment, mingled with a great deal of satisfaction, as Tunick whispers sweet nothings into the ear of the awed, overwhelmed Candyce beside him. The Proprietor himself is moving around the table pouring champagne.

TUNICK (to Candyce,
naturally)
Precious dove....Spice of my life....
My sweet Seraph from Elysium....

CANDYCE (sighing)
Oh, Nasasos....

TUNICK
Call me "Sassy"....

Even to a sentimentalist like Waverly, this is a little much. He clears his throat, lifts his glass.

WAVERLY
Ahem... May I -- ah -- propose a
toast....

All eyes go to Waverly -- and then away from him as, sweeping through the alcove doorway, bearing a huge tray laden with hors d'oeuvres, there comes a man familiar to us. As he puts the tray down on the table, Illya blinks. The waiter is the Banker-Beatnik-Diplomat.

BANKER-BEATNIK-DIPLOMAT
...May I recommend the foie gras de
Strasbourg? Or perhaps --

ILLYA (trying to
remember)
Haven't I seen you before?

BANKER-BEATNIK-DIPLOMAT
(innocently)
Me, Monsieur?

ILLYA (remembers)
The heckler in the hotel!

90-91
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Wait a minute! That demonstration
at the Invalides!

TUNICK
You! You are the one from the Foreign
Office!
(in harsh accusation)
You said my voice squeaks!

BANKER-BEATNIK-DIPLOMAT
(backs off a bit under this
barrage, scared)
It was nothing personal, Your Excellency.
Merely part of my job...

SOLO (darkly)
What are you doing here?

BANKER-BEATNIK-DIPLOMAT
Well, you see, now that my last employer
is -- no longer with us -- I had to
return to a less rewarding occupation.
(shrugs)
A man has to make a living, Messieurs.

Tunick is the first to smile, and the others -- all
except Waverly -- follow suit, to the enormous relief
of the Banker-Beatnik-Diplomat.

WAVERLY (looking
around at everyone)
I'm afraid I'm a bit lost....

SOLO
It's a -- ah -- rather involved
story, sir.

omit

WAVERLY (satisfied for
the moment)

I trust you'll tell it to me in due
course, Mister Solo.

(raises his glass again)

As I was about to say, Messieurs et
Mademoiselle --

(with a final pause for
dramatic emphasis)

-- To the Little Corporal!

SOLO

Which one?

TUNICK

Napoleon Bonaparte!

All clink their glasses. Including the Banker-Beatnik-
Diplomat, who has poured one for himself.

ILLYA

...May he rest in peace....

FADE OUT:

THE END

90-91
CONT'D
(3)